

THIS TALE'S SO SAD! JACK'S LADY FRIEND GOT BILL "IN BAD!"

Made Jack Break His "Bachelor" Vow and Started Up an Awful Row!

WIFIE GETS A DIVORCE.

And Now, Alas, Poor Bill, Perforce, Must Live Alone With His Remorse!

John F. Meader and William B. Sherman, brokers at No. 50 Broad street, and pals of long years, life for five years had been full of tranquil repose and ideal privacy in their bachelor hall, at No. 58 West One Hundred and Forty-seventh street, until one night in October, 1911, when Bill heard voices in Jack's section of the apartment.

As if in the throes of a horrible dream, Bill rubbed his eyes, sat up in bed, glanced at his hollow hands, shell fashion, back of his ears and waited. Occasionally, mild outbursts of laughter mingled with the clinking of glasses. Then gradually through the transom in a long blue streamer came the aroma of cigarettes—something the "bachelors" had tabooed. At last, Bill's ludicrous suspicions got strong circumstantial corroboration, for Bill distinctly made out a feminine voice. And, woe for their friendship, Jack was there, too, for his big resonant voice and hearty, regular laugh could not be mistaken.

SORROW! A WOMAN IN THE APARTMENT.

On the witness stand in Justice Giegeich's part of the Supreme Court, where Bill recited the incidents of the evening to-day, he admitted he was "tolerably shocked" for until that night, no woman had crossed the threshold of their "hall" for eight or ten years. Thus in contemplation, Bill said, he turned off the button, pulled the blankets over his head so he couldn't hear, and fell asleep, hoping the morrow would prove it all a nightmare.

But it wasn't, for next morning Bill, through a half open door, saw an ethereal, nymphlike creature, racing through the hall. The reality of the incident is what brought Bill into the courtroom. He was called to testify against Jack by Jack's wife, Mrs. Maude Wiswell Meader, a very attractive young woman, connected with one of the old Staten Island families. Mrs. Meader heard, in some way, how Jack and Bill broke up housekeeping after the incident, and called upon Bill to tell what had occurred.

Bill wouldn't tell Mrs. Meader, so she subpoenaed him and poor Bill, in a halting, hesitating way, to-day told "tales out of school," which won for Mrs. Meader a decree of absolute divorce. The name of the lady, fairy creature whose voice disturbed Bill's slumbers, and who, it was testified, frequently came to see Jack during the short time Bill and Jack remained together afterward, was not disclosed.

AND SO THE FLAT WAS ABANDONED

Jack and Bill sought out their retreat when Jack's first troubles with his wife arose. They decided to live as recluses. No woman was to cross the threshold and cigarettes and pipes were barred. The violation of their agreement meant the abandonment of the flat. Neither had ever transgressed.

John C. Wiswell, Mrs. Meader's father, a septuagenarian, but spry and alert, having his recent son-in-law with the divorce papers in the Cotton Exchange, while Jack was selling some consignments of cotton. Jack murmured something like: "Thanks, dad; give my love to Maude and the boys. I'm very sorry about it all."

The boys are three and are in the custody of Mrs. Meader, at Mr. Wiswell's Staten Island home at St. George. Under an agreement, Meader is to provide for the support of the children and Mrs. Meader asked Justice Giegeich to award her \$50 a week for her support.

CUPID'S PUPIL ASKS \$25,000 WHEN SHE FAILS TO GRADUATE

Miss Yorz Alleges Mr. Moses, Fellow Student, "Flunked" at "Commencement."

While Miss Eva Yorz was teaching in the Moses summer school at Schroeon Lake, she was also taking lessons herself. She was learning all about the ways of Cupid, according to her suit filed in the Supreme Court, to-day. She asks \$25,000 damages from Herbert S. Moses, whose papa is at the head of the school.

The plaintiff alleges that on June 15 last young Mr. Moses asked Miss Yorz to marry him and she agreed. They arranged, says the complaint, that the happy event was to take place Sept. 1. But, Miss Yorz declares, Mr. Moses would not marry her on that day, and she says, he is still obdurate and will not go with her to the altar, despite all her coaxing.

The plaintiff is represented by Benjamin L. Brannan, whose law office is at No. 15 William street. He said to-day he did not think Mr. Moses could pay a \$25,000 judgment, but that Miss Yorz had filed her petition seeking a vindication of her position by judicial decision.

If You Don't Wear a Fido Muff And Double-Decker Hat—You're Not IT

THE "DOUBLE DECKER" HAT.



AVISITING COSTUME OF SULPHUR BROWN SERGE SILK.

The Teddy Bear Muff Is Succeeded by the Fido—Beauty Spot Veil Is the Correct Wrinkle—Double Decker Hats Are an Autumn Sensation—The Lines of the New Draped Costumes Are Loose.

The Fido muff has taken the place of Teddy Bear as a pet and one will meet dozens of these new pets in Fifth avenue soon in the arms of their devoted owners. Not all the muffs are alike and of course the name Fido is not an arbitrary one—"Sport" or "Tico" or any other suitable canine pseudonym would answer equally well. The black astrakhan and Persian lamb dogies are the favorites for they have a most wonderful resemblance to a French poodle before he has been shaved.

The outer side of Fido presents an unbroken furry coat, but on the opposite side are two pockets into which the hands may be thrust as in a big muff. The little doggie is surprisingly natural with its bright eyes, white teeth and red tongue hanging out at one side and a metal collar and ribbon bow make the resemblance to a real dog all the more vivid.

NOW THE BEAUTY SPOT IS ON THE VEIL.
The Beauty-Spot Veil is the very latest fashion whimsey. On the length and breadth of a white or flesh tinted Shetland silk veil there is just one dot—an applied dot of velvet—and when the veil is tied over the hat the dot is made to come in that particular locality where a court plaster beauty spot would ordinarily be worn. This may be at the side of the chin, on the cheek, at one corner of the mouth or in any other piquant and becoming situation.

In the photograph the beauty spot comes near the corner of the mouth and the effect of this big black dot in the transparent mesh of the veil is striking, to say the least. In olden times, when patches were the rage, court ladies expressed their political sentiments by the shape of the bits of black court plaster on their cheeks. Whigs wore one symbol, Tory ladies another—it was not at all unusual to see a court-plaster coach and four driving across a pretty check. Why not carry out this pleasing idea in the fashionable new beauty spot veil? The suffragette maid might have her velvet beauty spot cut in any shape she likes—a tiny elephant or a diminutive bull moose, instead of a mere round dot which expresses nothing but coquetry.

DOUBLE DECKER HATS THE AUTUMN STYLES.
Another autumn sensation of the autumn is the double-decker hat. This new style of headgear which is immensely dashing and coquettish, has been named after the new double-decker cars running in Broadway now, but the hat is really Spanish in type and suggests the Toreador's rakish turban, worn over a silk head-kerchief. The double-decker hat pictured is made of seal plush and is entirely untrimmed.

THE BEAUTY SPOT VEIL.

the rather small seal plush hat being mounted on a bandeau of draped gold lace. The small plush hat is tipped at a purlous angle over one ear and at the opposite side is an enormous bow of the gold lace which balances the hat and completes the coquettish effect. The hat, as pictured here, was worn with a simple dark blue serge suit of the conventional type and trim new walking boots of patent leather with buttoned tops of dull kid.

The autumn girl is fastidiously particular about her boots, for a great deal of thought is spent just now on this detail of the costume and especially of the street costume. Tan or dull calf boots with perforated trimmings and buttoned tops of the same leather are worn in the morning, but afternoon boots are almost invariably of patent leather with buttoned tops of dull calf or cloth. There are still more dainty boots of the same materials, but having the thin turned sole, dainty pointed toe and high heel which distinguishes the carriage boot used with a formal gown.

LINE OF THE NEW DRAPE COSTUMES ARE LOOSE.

The woman gotten up in trim and trim tailored style looks just a bit stiff these days, so loose and graceful are the lines of the new draped costumes. The visiting costume pictured to-day hints at this ease and grace of line very different from a buttoned-up, beveled tailored trimness of effect. The suit of sulphur brown silk serge is by Calot and shows the abnormally long waistline and low belt observable in many of the Calot models of late. The skirt is draped up in front and within the waistline is a graceful vest fastened at the top with one large fancy button. Under the loose, easily fitting coat is a blouse of ecru eyelid embroidery over pale apricot silk. The silk and velvet hat with its drooping plumes shows the same graceful softness of line and the only trim, neatly fitting part of the costume is the smart buttoned boot of patent leather and dull kid.

THE HON. ALBINA BRODERICK IS HERE TO STUDY HYGIENE.

Daughter of the Late Viscount Middleton Arrives on Baltic, After Giving Up Inheritance.

The Hon. Albina Broderick, daughter of the late Viscount Middleton of Kerry, was a second cabin passenger on the Baltic arriving to-day. The Hon. Albina has given up all her inheritance, except a little plot of ground in Balinacorney, where she has established a hospital of twenty-five beds. She is devoting herself to a plan to aid the Irish industrial movement by providing a school for nursing and sickroom sanitation for all Ireland.

The Hon. Albina's visit to this country is to take a course at Columbia in advanced hygiene and the chemistry of sanitation. She will remain only a few months.

The young woman was clad in a heavy blue dress of coarse material; the skirt was short and showed she wore coarse gray knit wool stockings. Her shoes were heavy-soled and clumsily shaped.

SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO SHAKE A WIFE; THIS MAN'S TRIED 11 YEARS

Though Divorced Four Times, Conrad Isn't Sure He's Rid of "Queen Julie."

It has taken George J. Conrad, a wealthy cloak manufacturer, eleven years to get rid of his former wife, Reine Conrad, known to the highlights of vaudeville and the cafes of Paris as "Queen Julie." And after the third decision by the Appellate Division, handed down to-day in his favor, Mr. Conrad isn't sure at all but that "Queen Julie" will pop up again, serenely with another action, leaving him in doubt as to whether he is still married to the vaudeville queen or to his present wife, with whom he lives in the Dearborn Apartments, at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Fifth street.

Back in 1888, when George Conrad was a cloak salesman, he eloped with "Queen Julie" in Lyons, Kan. The vaudeville star decided to go to Paris for study and for years she alternated between George and an institution of learning which is known as the "Cafe Rat." The cloak salesman had established a business and when the vaudeville star refused to return, began producing for divorce in Cleveland.

Then Julie came home and took Abe Hummel out to Cleveland with her. Under Ohio law, three years must elapse between the filing of the papers and the granting of the divorce. Conrad gave his queen \$500 in lieu of alimony, but Abe Hummel was present and Mr. Conrad found himself without a receipt. When the divorce was granted, in 1901, Mr. Conrad married again. Three years later the actress began suit for divorce in New York, naming the Cleveland wife as co-respondent. Three times since the case has been decided in her favor by the lower court and reversed by the Appellate Court and it has taken eleven years to bring the action to the present day.

Bank Reserve \$5,408,050.

The statement of the actual condition of Clearing House banks and trust companies for the week shows that they hold \$5,408,050 reserve in excess of legal requirements. This is a decrease of \$1,152,500 from last week.

A NEW REMEDY FOR AN OLD COMPLAINT

Different from any—better than all. At last after years of experiment, Medical Skill has produced a perfect laxative. 1 or 2 Pills at night.

Hunyadi Janos Pills

For CONSTIPATION AND TORPID LIVER
It's New! It's Sure! It's Safe!
in Handy Vest Pocket Vials. At Up-to-Date Druggists. 25 Cents.

THE FIDO MUFF.

OPIMUM DRUGS GIRL TO DEATH AT START OF CAREER AS SINGER

Learned to Smoke the Drug When She Wouldn't Take "Dare" on Slumming Party.

Coroner's Physician Weston looked at the body of blonde Ethel Davis to-day in the apartment of Mrs. Emma Gilmore, No. 150 Broadway.

"Too much opium," he said. But there was no need of an official opinion to inform Mrs. Gilmore and others who had known the girl in the last chaotic half year of her life. A year and a half ago Ethel Davis came from her home in Quebec to study music. Her parents and friends thought she had a wonderful voice, which needed only the magic of New York to become famous. Ethel was twenty then, too, there were fewer formalities. We have been so successful socially on other voyages that the Cleveland has come to be known as the marriage ship.

By that time she had learned to smoke. She was not in a mood to "take a dare" when some one in the slumming party said she was not brave enough to stop.

The vocal lessons were over. Drugs, drink and the white lights did not mix well with study. Soon she became an inmate of the cafes, and her men friends were many. She dressed exceedingly well. For three or four days at a time she would drop from sight and come back pale, wild-eyed and bedraggled. She had been away for nearly a week when she walked into the office of Dr. Henri Lakowitz, No. 18 West Fifty-eighth street, yesterday. He put her in a cab and sent her to her room at Mrs. Gilmore's. A half hour after she got there she was dead.

"Floater" Found in River.

The body of a man about fifty-five years old was found floating in the North River at the foot of Cortlandt street to-day. The body was poorly dressed and a label sewed in the blue jumper showed the man to be a deck-hand on the steamer Elrio of the Atlantic Steamship Lines. The body was sent to the morgue.

THEY'RE ALL READY TO TIE THE KNOTS.

"I can't tell you, my dear, how many maidens and widows have been married either on board or immediately after reaching America since I have become such an ordinary thing that on this voyage we are taking along a clerkman, the Rev. C. C. Champlin of San Francisco, as one of the crew. His services are free."

There are eighteen bachelors on board now, and when we reach Villa Franca at least a half hundred more will join us. Most of these will be noblemen with titles and some with their own fortunes. There is no reason why a woman of your beauty should be lonely."

Mrs. Reed might have said more, but Mrs. Eckerson's dream of a floating, Adamless Eden was shattered. She fled to her suite and put up the barricades, and she said she wouldn't take them down for the one hundred and ten days of the voyage.

Besides Mrs. Eckerson, there were forty widows on the "marriage ship," some young and pretty, some not so young and not so pretty. They manifested keen interest in the embarkment of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Bernan, who were married yesterday. A crowd of friends brought several tons of rice and much enthusiasm to help them see the Bernans off.

IF YOU'RE HUNTING WIFE, DON'T APPLY TO MRS. ECKERSON

She's Beautiful, Rich and a Widow, But She's Not for You—Oh, No!

Mrs. Orre Eckerson, whose charms are quite sufficient to make her a matrimonial prize, regardless of the million-dollar bequest that became hers when she put on widow's weeds, a year ago, was locked securely in her \$5,500 suite, with a chair against the door and the key on the inside, when the Hamburg-American liner Cleveland started to-day on a round-the-world voyage.

She received only one visitor before the Cleveland sailed, and she wouldn't let him in until he had vowed on his honor as a ship news reporter that he would not propose marriage. Then she took away the barriers, opened the door and closed it again swiftly, snapped the key in the lock and asked, breathlessly:

"Well, what on earth is it you want, if not to marry me? Be careful, I'm a desperate woman and you must keep your word!"

Before the astonished interviewer could reply Mrs. Eckerson demanded: "Have you seen him? Tell me, is he on the pier? A man who looks like an artist, I mean, and has a very square jaw. He said he wouldn't let me go. And now I'm sorry I have started. No, not because of him. He's so persistent that I am afraid of him. But this ship isn't what I supposed it would be. Why, there are eighteen bachelors aboard. Oh, dear, can't you advise me what to do?"

MRS. ECKERSON SEEKS AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

Whereupon it came out that Mrs. Eckerson was fleeing not from a man, but from MEN. In her home city they had flocked around her—fortune hunters and genuine admirers—almost before she had buried her husband.

Among the group of suitors was an artist, whose name she did not mention. When she ceased to smile upon him, having decided he took her smiles as encouragement to his suit, he threatened to kill her and himself, she said. She feared he might follow her on board the ship. But that was not the reason she had locked herself in the \$5,500 suite—the finest on board.

Some woman friend, to whom Mrs. Eckerson explained her predicament, advised her to go on a trip around the world, personally conducted. She said one's companions were either elderly married couples, honeymooners or spinsters no longer young. So Mrs. Eckerson engaged the best accommodations on the Cleveland and didn't come to New York until the last minute. She was taken in hand at once by Mrs. Landon Reed, the social director of the round-the-worlders.

"You'll be sure to enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Reed. "On the Cleveland you get every social advantage of the shore, and besides, one is brought into contact with the most delightful people. Then, too, there are fewer formalities. We have been so successful socially on other voyages that the Cleveland has come to be known as the marriage ship."

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You Can't Cure an Ill Smelling Breath

by performing the mouth—

PARTOLA

will cleanse the stomach and sweeten the breath. It is a convenient Laxative Blood Purifier that does not cause pain or griping. Put up in neat boxes handy to have with you.

At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a box. A sample box of Partola Co., 150 Second Ave., New York.

IF YOU WANT YOUR BUSINESS TO BECOME THE TALK OF THE TOWN, TELL ABOUT IT THROUGH A WORLD "WANT" AD.

WITH \$80.35 ON HIM, 'STARVING MAN' ASKED SLEUTHS FOR A MEAL

Out of Panhandler's Clothes Tumble Empty Purses When He's Searched.

John Connors, a neatly if not stylishly dressed middle-aged man, stopped in front of Detectives Gleason and Reilly of the West Forty-seventh street station at 4 o'clock this morning and told a sorry tale of starvation.

"I'm a picture framer," he said. "My home is in Rochester. I have a wife and nine children, seven of them girls. I took all the money there was in the house—and it wasn't much—and came down here looking for a job. It is all gone and I haven't had a bite to eat for two days. Will you give me ten cents for a cup of coffee?"

"Now, mister," said Gleason, "we want to be on the level with you. We are police officers and, speaking strictly, we ought to arrest you. But you do not look like a bum or talk like a regular panhandler. We are just going to an all-night restaurant; come along and eat all you like."

Connors burst into tears. He dug a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe his eyes. With it came a pocketbook, which Reilly picked up. It was empty. Reilly and Gleason looked at each other. Connors started away, but they held him.

"If we find that you have any money," said Gleason, "we shall arrest you. Now on the level, have you got any?"

"Thirty-five cents," faltered Connors. "By which taken you are a liar anyway," said Gleason and they took him to the station. Searched there, two more empty pocketbooks and eighty dollars and thirty-five cents were found on him.

The detectives saw him to a cell and then went out on the street and kicked each other. Magistrate Kernochan held Connors until Monday in West Side Court to-day to give the police an opportunity to find out more about him.

FIVE GOLDEN RULES FOR HEALTH GIVEN BY YOUNGSTER OF 81

These are the five golden rules of health given by Frederic Harrison, English author, critic, bibliophile, ex-professor, barrister, historian, traveler and amateur gardener, on his eighty-first birthday at his home at Hawhurst, Kent:

(1) Abstain from tobacco, spirits, made dishes, and all such dreadful things. I am satisfied with a little bit of mutton and rice pudding.

(2) Also from a meal with an appetite. I believe people eat too much.

(3) Walk every day for two hours. This I am going to do as soon as I get through a pile of letters and telegrams from Florence and Rome. I am too old to play tennis and golf and too slow.

(4) Sleep eight hours. People cannot sleep who smoke themselves black in the face, eat too much, and have not walked enough.

(5) More important than all, be content with what you have got. Take things quietly.

(Signed) Mrs. Elias D. Fuller, Jan. 11, 1912.

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Prevent dry, thin and falling hair, itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair. Frequent shampoo with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

88 Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free

B. Altman & Co.

ANNOUNCE FOR MONDAY, OCT. 21st, THE

FOLLOWING EXCEPTIONAL SALES:

WOMEN'S DRESSES & TAILOR-MADE SUITS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

BLOUSES OF SATIN AND BROCADED METEOR

BLACK CRESS AND COAT VELVETS

AND BLACK CHARMEUSE

ALSO

IMPORTED DECORATED LACE PIECES

INCLUDING SCARFS, PILLOW SLIPS, CENTER-PIECES AND CHAIR BACKS.

B. Altman & Co.

COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 21st, WILL HOLD

AN IMPORTANT SPECIAL SALE OF

CHOICE ORIENTAL RUGS

AT EXTRAORDINARILY LOW PRICES

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 35th Streets, New York

O, CRUEL BALKAN WAR, LOOK PLEASANT! YOUR PICTURE'S TO BE TAKEN

James H. Hare, known affectionately as "Jimmy" by newspaper men and war correspondents from the Rio Grande to the Shabo River in Manchuria, called on the American liner St. Paul to-day bound for the seat of war in the Balkans to take photographs of the hostilities for Collier's Weekly and the London Sphere.

The veteran campaigner with a camera, first of a new craft of "war photographers," had his old war kit with him, relic of Santiago and the campaigns in Manchuria. This was reinforced by some furs and sleeping bags, for Hare had been "tipped off" that wintering in the mountains of Albania is no soft delight. He said he was going direct to Sofia, and that he supposed the business of getting from that city to the front would be as bad as it was moving from Tokio to Manchuria, eight years ago—too much censorship.

"Jimmy" Hare has taken snapshots of shells exploding and infantry volleying from trenches; he sailed over hostile Mexico in an aeroplane, during the Madero revolution of a year ago, and was marooned in a house in Juarez all day by the rain of bullets that fell during the desperate fighting there. He is prepared for almost any contingency he may encounter in the Balkans.

RASH SEEMED TO ITCH ALL THE TIME

Red All Over. Would Scratch and Dig the Skin Till It Bled. Kept Spreading. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. All Well.

M. A. No. 4, Clyde, N. Y.—"A rash appeared on baby's head first. It was little red specks with white specks in them and it seemed to itch all the time. She was red all over, and she would scratch and dig the skin off till it bled every chance she got. I had to hold her hands when I took the cloth off. It kept spreading till it was all over her. She would be restless. It started in the winter and in June it was so bad I had her treated. I was told to wash her with water. I tried it and it did her legs and it all soiled up. Then I got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them every other day for about two weeks, and she was all well. It is two months since I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and she has been all right ever since. They did not leave a mark on her anywhere. I use the Cuticura Soap to wash her with the time; I think there is no other as good."

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